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My First and Last Buffalo Hunt

By T. R. Armstrong

"That whole vast herd was coming toward us on the run"

PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

A FOREWORD

In presenting this booklet to the public it is proper to state that in "Buffalo Days" much has been written about their enormous abundance.

One writer in the early seventies said he saw a closely massed herd of buffalo between the Platte and Republican rivers, so vast that it could not be estimated in numbers, and that as far as he could see on every side and ahead the hills were dotted with dark forms, in one continuous mass for miles and miles.

Describing the abundance of buffalo in the old days, an Indian once said, "The country was one robe." Only those who have seen such an immense herds can credit the stories told about them, for even a truthful account seems like a fable to those who have never been on the "plains." Often such herds were frightened into a stampede, by white or Indian hunters. Reader, what would you have done if you had been there in front of that maddened moving mass, at such a time, and—afoot?

The story tells what the writer did.

THE AUTHOR.

My First and Last Buffalo Hunt

THE AUTHOR

THOS. R. ARMSTRONG

As he appeared ten years after the Hunt

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CANTO I.

June, eighteen hundred seventy-four,
I stood beside *Arickaree,**
And saw its sparkling water pour,
In beauty outward for the sea.

A charming landscape was outspread,
Beneath a dome of azure blue,
While shimmering sunbeams overhead,
Disclosed the glory of each hue.

"Our Mutual Friend from Kentucky"
As he appeared ten years after the Hunt

No fairer spot it seemed to me,
Could e'er be found beneath the skies,
Unspoiled by man, such scenery,
An *artist* would most highly prize.

*A beautiful river of "the plains."

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Two companions there were with me,
One, a true type of Southern grace,
No truer friend, in need than he,
Of splendid form, with handsome face.

Kentucky blood, and that the best,
From the "Old Stock" flowed in his veins,
And seeing him, you would have guessed,
He was a Knight, or one who reigns.

So noble was his poise of head,
And graceful too—his dress was neat,
"*Proud Man!*" you say, ah, no, instead,
He was a *gentleman,* complete.

Kentucky, then, of him was *proud,*
For his was *famous ancestry,*
Their names and deeds, books' pages crowd,
Which prove him heir, of *Chivalry.*

His wealth was ample and his mind,
With college lore was filled; his style
Was of the unassuming kind—
But, best of all, he had no guile.

He's living yet, so I am told,
Away out West; beyond the "plains,"
Whereon we hunted—mining gold,
I trust he'll find, the richest gains,

To compensate him, for his toil
And patience; should he see these lines,
Perhaps they'll stop him from his moil,
To rest awhile beside his mines,

And scan the nearly fifty years,
That's intervened, since *then* and *now,*
I'd say to him, "I've shed some tears,
Meanwhile—have *wrinkles* on my brow.

"But Monsters all—and that explains why I felt wobbly in the knees."

"I've not forgotten you, my friend,
Through all the years that's come and gone;
Those distant days, enchantments lend,
To reminiscent pictures drawn."

The other was a Plainsman old,
And a *"dead shot,"* 'twas said of him,
Around our fires, the tales he told,
Wrought on our nerves, by shadows dim.

Fearless himself, he loved to tease
Others, to whom the plains were new
(It was a whim of his, to please),
Which he regarded as his due.

Of Indian raids and wolves' attack,
He would our evening hours beguile,
Perhaps our blankets would unpack,
And note our torture, with a smile.

Or from a "keg" he'd brought along,
Of *"inspiration"** draw enough,
To dance a jig, or sing a song,
And then "turn in"—oh! he was rough

Apparently; but for a friend,
His was just like a woman's heart,
Would die, if need be, to defend
His honor, or to take his part.

He was a very tall, and grim
Old man, and weighed two hundred pound;
His hair was long—he would not trim,
They said—tho it should reach the ground.

For he had cause to make a vow,
To let it grow. Concerning whom?
I need not tell of that soul now,
Which found release, upon his tomb.

He had one eye—the other lost,
Fighting with Red Men, of the plains,
And if those Red Men, his path crossed,
The wolves took charge of their remains.

*"An *anecdote* for rattle-snake bite," the old man said.

And when he after them gave chase,
Both whip and spur, he then applied;
His one eye brightened and his face,
Lit up the valley and hillside.

He never could them quite forgive,
For *"blowing out his lamp"*; he said,
"I'll take thar scalps, long as I live
And scare 'em, as a ghost—when dead."

He'd follow deer or buffalo,
Afoot or horse-back, weary hours;
Was not estopped by rain or snow,
Nor seemed aware of lessening powers.

And, when by his *unerring aim,*
The quarry lay low at his feet,
He'd build a fire beside his game,
And then proceed to cook and eat.

For, often from the early morn,
He'd ranged the prairies far and near,
His only drink, "John-Barley-Corn,"
Its giving out, his only fear.

And when the day was fully spent,
'Round him his blankets he would roll,
Beside his fire lie down content,
And let "The Wild" have full control.

"My Winchester, *is my best friend,"*
He said—and *called* it by that *name,*
"She will at all times me defend,
And keep my larder full of game.

"When redskins try my scalp to take,
She never fails me at that time,
When I'm asleep, she is awake,
And always ready and in prime.

"She loves me more than did a wife,
She is the pardner of my joys,
She seems to me, a thing of life,
Now this is true; believe me boys.

"Some day, my body will grow cold
In death, that fact can't be denied,
And this I have to some friends told,
I want her buried by my side.

"Who knows, but that will be for aye,
While this old earth shall make her rounds?
Maybe, there'll come another day,
Upon some happy hunting grounds."

CANTO II.

One morning, in the early dawn,
We held a council for the chase,
The prairie 'round seemed like a lawn,
With countless flowers on its face,

With here and there a buffalo,
Some *bunches,* now and then, appeared,
Skirmishers there, which went to show,
We were approaching the *Main Herd.*

Never before, we boys had seen,
The shaggy *"Monarchs of the plains,"*
Some of them fat, and others lean,
But *Monsters* all—and that explains,

Why I felt wobbly in the knees;
And, as with ague, then I shook,
I looked around—there were no trees
To climb; in sight, no covert nook.

We sure had reached the hunting ground,
Where roamed the bison, free as air,
Elk, deer and antelope were found,
In numbers *great* and *everywhere.*

Soon the herd was growing bigger—
"Why don't you shoot?" our Captain said;
Ah! I could not pull a trigger
Three minutes more—and I had fled.

Our old frontier's man raised his head,
And cast his one eye on the scene,
Then with his Winchester, he led—
A splendid elk dropped on the green.

"Some of them fat and others lean."

Then bringing his *"best friend"* to bear
Upon a bunch of buffalo,
She rang out twice upon the air,
And two *"Monarchs"* were lying low.

Can you imagine what occurred?
Louder than roar made by that gun,
A thousand times, that whole vast herd,
Was coming toward us on the run.

And from all sides, for miles around,
It seemed an earthquake shook the ground,
It rocked and trembled, till my *spleen*,
Was running quite, my whole machine.

As one at sea, when billows roll,
And on the foam has *poured his soul,*
So, by such feelings, sore distress,
I gave up all that I possessed.

'Twas not the trembling of the earth,
That caused me to regret my birth,
But 'twas my *fright* that came so quick,
Which made me then so *deathly sick.*

But low above, and over all,
A cloud of dust hung, like a pall,
The herd was hidden from my sight,
And day had given place to night.

While cries of fear were on my lips,
The sun came back, from that eclipse,
And in the light, made by the rift,
I got away with movements swift.

A thunder storm with pounding hail,
A cyclone, twisting in *its* gale,
Ten avalanches in a row,
And *scores* of blizzards flying snow.

Were all combined—would seem as still,
As some lone graveyard, on a hill,
Would seem as still? It would, indeed,
When as compared—to that *stampede.*

Where was my friend from old Kaintuck,
While those wild creatures *run amuck?*
Was by my side, when they began!
Why, he was *one who also ran.*

Outran me to a wild wolf's den,
Under a bank, close by the fen,
And out of breath, was lying prone,
Securely there, and all alone.

I did not wait for him to say,
"Come in and visit me today,"
But to his body stept inside,
And found a chamber long and wide!

Not high, but there was standing room,
And soon I saw amid the gloom,
Some treasures which you all would prize,
While other things there met my eyes.

The Author Giving Public Readings of His Hunt

Which being there, mute witness gave,
That we were in a robber's cave,
And not the den of a wild beast—
Some rendezvous, to say the least.

A mass of *dollars,* hard as rocks!
Were half concealed within a box!
And as some passed my hands between,
My eyes were dazzled by their sheen.

Then as my fears began to rise
That we might meet with a surprise,
Which we'd not reckoned on before,
A shadow fell, within the door!

I whispered to my friend, "Arise,
We'll soon be butchered here as spies,
We are entrapt, in this vile den,
And ne'er will see our homes again."

Great Daniel Boone! He sprang upright,
And in his eyes, there came a light,
That drove the darkness there away,
He seemed like a wild beast at bay.

His face was pale, but not from fear,
He'd passed that stage, which had been near,
Determination, by his look,
Could then be read, as in a book.

His flashing eyes were cast around,
Grabbed his repeater from the ground,
Quick at full cock the hammer hung,
His finger to the trigger clung.

Again, a shadow crossed the hole,
A human form therein-at stole,
Then "Young Kentucky" showed his blood,
As, in stern tones, came out this flood:

"Lie down, you dirty dog," he said,
"Or I will fill you full of lead,
If you attempt to raise your gun,
Your race in life is fully run."

I stood in horror, *cold as ice,*
And tried to speak then, once or twice,
But not a sound, in my distress,
And there! I lost all consciousness.

CANTO III.

When I "came to," there by my side,
Were my true friend, our one eyed guide,
Who by their efforts—those two men,
Had brought me back to earth again.

"You's scairt to death," our captain said,
As, 'gainst his knees I leaned my head,
"And Kaintuck thar, an hour ago,
Scairt me to death, or nearly so."

"That Red Cloud is a Sly Old Fox."

Ah! never in my life before,
Had I approached so near the shore,
Of the unknown—the border-land,
When I complied with his demand.

Fer in the dark, I couldn't see,
The one who had just spoke to me.
But from his tones, I knowed quite well,
I'd better to lie down a spell.

I felt that thar, was but one choice—
I did not recornize his voice,
But when I shouted, 'Do not shoot!'
He recornized this Old Galoot.

And then he rushed to me and said,
'You're not a robber, but instead,
My dear old friend, Our Captain Bang,'
Then this yer cave with gladness rang.

He kindly raised me to a seat,
Knocked off the dirt, down to my feet,
His arms around my neck, he flung,
And like a lover thar he clung.

Beggin' my parding for his act,
(Which would have been my death in fact,
If I'd not tumbled at his call,
And throwed my *Best Friend 'gainst the wall*).

His arms, then gently, I unclasped,
With my right hand, his own I grasped,
And said, my friend, you're not to blame,
In your place, I'd a done the same.

With these surroundin's as they are,
To enter here, would be a bar
To anyone, who this way wends,
Unless I knowed, all war my friends.

And then I said, Whar is the boy?—
Your pardner, out from Eli Noy?*
Was he run over by the herd?
And then my sight was kinder blurred.

Caused by the thought, you mout be crushed,
In that wild storm, as on it rushed,
I blamed myself, that you two boys,
Had tried to outrun tha'ar noise.

*The author is a native of Illinois.

I should have told you what to do,
To stay by me, I'd see you through,
Almost sure death, to one who runs
In a *stampede;* stand by your guns.

"And Spotted Tail in Feathers Full."

And if the mob bears down on you,
The only thing fer you to do,
To save yourself (upon my word)
Shoot quick, at leaders of the herd.

Pour into 'em a full broad-side,
And that will cause 'em to divide,
Into two columns—and around
You, thar will be a strip of ground.

Quite wide enough, you may depend,
To give you breathin' room, my friend;
And that is just the thing I done,
They kep' dividin' on the run.

And jumpin' side-ways left and right—
Oh, Boy! It war a purty sight,
To watch 'em bowin' thar to me,
As if to say, 'Good Bye'—you see?

Thar tails, fer signals, rose and fell
A wavin' me. 'Farewell, Farewell.'
Thar's nothing more, could me amuse,
As *I returned* thar kind 'Adieus.'

I laft till I most bust my sides,
To see them tails go, with thar' hides.
A beatin' time, in that retreat,
To music of thar flyin' feet.

I wish you boys with me had stayed,
To heerd the music I then played.
It shore, to me, was sweeter far,
Than any music, they made thar.

I kep' a pumpin' 'my best friend,'
Until she had no more to send,
She failed to kick and then I seen,
I'd emptied her whole magazine.

I didn't need no more—at last,
That panarammer then was past,
And I began to look around,
To see, if you boys, could be found.

I hunted long that marshy place,
But seemed I couldn't git no trace
Wharby, to find you—bless you soul!
Until I tumbled in this hole.''

CANTO IV.

While he was talking thus to me,
Our *mutual friend,* from Kentucky,
Had left a while, the cave to rove,
And soon he'd found my Treasure-Trove.

"Chief Sitting Bull in Feathers Full."

His eyes were still a shining bright,
But with a diff'rent kind of light,
From that they had an hour before,
When Death seemed standing at the door.

And then he said, "My friends I've found
A fortune, as I looked around,
In this old cave. Now come with me
And I am sure you will agree—"

Just then from the outside—Bang! Bang!
While scores of guns in chorus rang,
And with the roar, an awful yell!
(Like Demons just let loose from—Mexico.)

We all three ran toward the door,
But Captain Bang was in the fore,
And looking round, bade us return,
Till he could 'somethin' furder learn.'

He soon came back and with a smile
Said, "We will here remain awhile,
Two Indian tribes, out thar, have met,
And had a *'scrap'*—air fightin' yet.

One tribe's Pawnee, the other Siou,
And they are both good fighters too,
They are well matched, but Chief Red Cloud,
It at the head of the Sioux crowd.

I also saw Chiefs Settin' Bull,
And Spotted Tail in feathers full,
Along with Red Cloud and his band,
And lendin' 'em a helping hand.

That Red Cloud is a sly old fox,
He'll give them Pawnees some hard knocks
Before it ends; I'm not surprised
That he is fightin' undisguised.

Fer he strikes terror to the hearts
, Of redskins found around these parts,
The Otoes run, if him they see
But that's not so with the Pawnee.

Fer he's as brave and cunnin' scamp,
As ever carried scalps to camp,
They'll give them Sioux a real 'Ghost-Dance'
If only they, have half a chance.

Ol' Settin' Bull, is rightly named,
He roams these plains, and can't be tamed.
And like a Bull, he fiercely fights,
For what he calls his, 'Tribal Rights.'

He will some day, our troops insnar',
And all of them, will perish thar,*
He'll massacre them ev'ry one,
And disappear, when it is done.

He'll set 'er round and smoke his pipe,
Until he thinks that time is ripe.
Then hide away in the 'Bad Lands.'
Where he'll be joined, by all his bands.

'And Spotted Tail, in feathers full,'
Is under-chief, to Settin' Bull.
He is a Injun of great fame,
For by that fact, he got a name.

As he is fond of darin' stunts,
He tried to ride a Buf-flow once,
But lost his hold upon its hump,
And slid clar' back—fell as a lump,

But caught the tail, in his descent,
And dragged behind, as on they went.
They found blood—'Spots' along that trail.
And so they called him, 'Spotted Tail.'

I'd like to leap into that *fray,*
And raise some scalps! What did you say?
'Don't leave you boys?' No, I'll stay whar
I am, until the coast is clar;

I mout git killed! Then what of you?
Whar would you go? What would you do?
With them red rascals harabout,
They'd kill, or capture you, no doubt.

And if the latter 'tis their law,
To make you marry some young squaw,
And should you have a *promised* bride,
She would be humbled in her pride.

*How true were his words, for two years later Gen. Custer and all his troops were massacred.

To larn a Minnie Haw! Haw! *sprout,*
Had over-reached, and *'Cut her out,'*
Them laughin' gals, enjoy such tricks,
They with the pale-face love to mix.

Although oft-times, it shows poor taste,
They'll *jump the broomstick,* in great haste,
And that's the reason, now and then,
You see them fellers, called *'Squaw-Men.'*

I once was ONE, but am ashamed
To tell it; but should not be blamed,
Fer livin' near 'em, when quite young,
I larned to talk in thar own tongue.

And when arrived 'bout man's estate,
A Ha! Ha! maid became my mate,
She was the daughter of a chief;
And *purty,* too, past all belief.

Light-hearted as the birds that sing!
Har as black as the raven's wing!
Teeth, white as pearls, and eyes that shone
Like diamonds on Vic-Tory's throne!

A glow of health was on each cheek,
Nose, mouth and chin, shaped like the Greek,
Her graceful form, without a flaw,
Gives you *some* idee of my squaw!

Right there the old man bowed his head,
And (*seemingly*) *unconscious* said,
"'Twas—long—a-go (seems yesterday)
She—from—my—Wigwam—went—a-way.

Wauneeta, Mine! My Prairie Flower!
A thousand lovely ways, your dower.
We were indeed, a happy pair,
'As we built castles in the air!'

Your dex'trous hands in light canoe,
Applied the oars in Little Blue.*
Or from your bow, sent arrows fleet,
Which laid the quarry at your feet.

Wauneeta, *False!* Yet I've loved you,
Through all these years, you've been untrue,
E'en when you shot the cruel dart,
That found a lodgment, near my heart!

Quick changed his features to *disdain*!
This harshly spoken, to hide his pain,
"But what's been said is over-much,
Upon that subject, we'll not touch."

He never mentioned it again,
Nor (prudently) did we but when
By others told: *"She had eloped*
With a young chief"—we greatly hoped.

It was not true; for at that *Event,*
He was scouting for the government.
When he returned, searched far and near,
To find, at once, some trace of her.

Her light canoe had drifted far,
Adown the stream where shallows are,
But to the rocks, its keel still clung,
Where by the waves it had been flung.

Oars, bow and arrows, lay within.
(Mute evidence of where she'd been.)
But they no more of her could tell—
Those silent friends she loved so well.

They dragged the stream, they fired their guns,
Between those banks, where crystal runs,
But only echoes, there replied,
And no response, from his lost bride.

*The Little Blue River in Nebraska.

"Her graceful form without a flaw,
Gives you some idea of my squaw."

Nobody could just tell "*The Day*"
For *no one saw her go away.*
But by her tribe, 'twas the belief,
"*That she had fled with a young Chief.*

Captain Bang, our old guide, in his disguise as an Indian, scouting for the government along the Little Blue River before we knew him.

Who had come down from the far North,
To see her father—and so forth.''
'Twas thus the rumor spread afar,
Which caused two tribes to clash in war.

He half believed, their tale was true.
(To her henceforth he'd bid Adieu)
But always something at his heart,
Told him, "they had been forced apart."

And that some day, she would return;
Then all of them, the truth would learn,
And when it came to pass—that she
Would grace again, his lone Tepee."

As years sped by, there came no word—
Conflicting thoughts, within him stirred.
Some days they were, 'that *she was dead,*'
Then others that, she *might have* fled.*

"Should we be found in this old den,
Surrender not, but die like men,
As fer myself, I'll git a few,
Before I bid this world *adieu.*

The days ahead of me, dear boys,
Are few to count, and fewer joys,
But e'er they end, I'd like to find
The VERY ONE, who put me blind.

I shore would quickly *douse his glim,*
If I ever git sight of him.
And if I knowed that he's out thar
I'd go right now and lift his har.

Them Injuns claim we have no right,
To this thar land, so us they fight,
And when white men, in hunts engage,
It shorely makes them heathens rage.

*Her seeming duplicity embittered our old guide against the *whole* Indian Race (except her) and he became its implacable foe. He led a wild life on the frontier, and excelled as a Buffalo hunter, Indian fighter and scout. Rising to a captain's command in the Civil War, he rendered efficient service to the government, by his knowl-

You asked me once, Why that *Stampede?*
It was the noble (?) redman's deed;
Back many miles they made the charge,
Upon that herd, you saw so large.

An scairt the critters (plain to see)
Over on the *Arickaree,*
And doin' it, they made such fuss,
They run 'em over onto us."

* * * *

By this time night was falling fast—
'Twas growing dark within the den,
The roar of guns had ceased at last,
And we were tired and hungry men.

Old Captain Bang then 'rose, and said,
"We must have somethin' now to eat,
Since early morn, we haven't fed,
And you are both worn out complete."

Worn out? ah! we were *sick* and *tired*
And scarcely able to stand up,
That *strenuous* day about expired,
Had furnished us a bitter cup.

I could have eaten *a raw mule,*
It seemed to me *I was so faint,*
I scarce could rise from the old stool,
Whereon I mourned out my complaint.

"Them hosses boys I cla'r forgot,
I left 'em in that old stockade,
Run down and see, fer like as not,
The *redskins* on 'em made a raid.

---

edge of Indian warfare and the great plains of the West at that time. He was very sensitive on the subject of her disappearance, and all he ever told us of it was as stated. Others, however, who know the facts, gave them as printed here.

I'll have some supper for you sure,
When you come back upon the hill,
And that will all your troubles cure,
When you have et it to your fill.

I'll cut from out a fat buf-flow,
And elk, steaks, best you ever et,
Them one's I caught some hours ago—
The time you lads will not forget.

We'll camp close by them critters, killed
By me, before that big stampede,
In servin' wild meats, I am skilled,
And you shall have *one great big feed.*"

Thus spoke our hardy Pioneer,
Then as he left us there, he said:
"Them skunks have went, you needn't fear,
Them thar thets left, for they air dead."

CANTO V.

An half hour later we returned,
From the stockade, hard by the stream,
And on the hill a hot fire burned,
Which cooked a meal *"that was a dream."*

Full justice can't be done in verse,
To such repast: such *tender steaks!*
Such *juicy steaks!!* No rich man's purse,
Could purchase better; and the *cakes,*

Made of corn-meal and baked on coals—
Those glowing coals! yes, angel food,
I'd eaten, and the sweetest rolls
E'er baked; yet nothing *half so good,*

Had ever passed within my lips,
It thrilled me to my finger tips;
Indeed both, were most nourishing,
With clear cold water from a spring.

I quickly lay upon the grass,
And stretched my feet toward the fire,
Nor cared for what *might come to pass,*
To sleep, was my *one great desire.*

I heard the wolves' discordant howl,
Along the stream not far away,
Also the mountain lion's growl,
As he was feasting on his prey.

Not many miles away, I knew,
Were hundreds, of a wilder foe,
But felt our guide, would see us through,
For he had that day, told me so.

From fear of wild men, or wild beast,
Henceforth I was to it *immune;*
O'ercome by *fatigue* and the *feast,*
Was wrapped in slumber, very soon.

Next morning Captain Bang prepared,
A duplicate, of night before,
For breakfast; but, for it I cared
Nothing—my appetite was poor.

We went out where the fight had raged,
Where Siou and Pawnee warriors bled,
And for some time, we were engaged,
In looking 'round among their dead.

A tomahawk, was here and there,
Some bows and arrows (strings were gone),
A scalp or two, with long black hair,
Some useless guns, still further on.

Breech-clouts, robes, blankets, feathers, beads,
And necklaces of bear's claws made,
Some moccasins among the weeds,
And tepee poles of every grade.

One Indian among some trees,
Where he had crawled, our Captain found,
His tribe, he said, were the Pawnees!
It seemed his, was a mortal wound.

He asked our guide, to give him drink,
'Twas very faint, he was so weak,
He was just hovering on the brink
Of the beyond—could hardly speak.

But the old man his language knew.
(Could speak it as his mother tongue),
Down the stockade then he flew,
And wide, the keg's old faucet flung.

And while he was away I ran
Down to a spring beside the stream,
Got some water in a *tin can,*
(That measured grain for our guide's team).

But Captain Bang was back, when I
Returned, to quench that poor man's thirst;
Poured down his throat some of his "Rye"
Which he "allowed, would be best, first."

And then I gave him water—pure
As God gave it, to *every* Race,
And for a time, we felt quite sure,
That he'd survive; but soon, his face

Gave evidence, his end was near;
He looked intently at our guide,
But as his words were hard to hear,
Old Captain Bang knelt by his side.

The Pawnee said, "I fight with you,
Some long ago, down further East,
It was on river, Little Blue,
Where tribe was holding a big feast.

The pale-face take our land and game,
We have no place wherein to live,
My tribe is nothing now—but name,
But all is *past, I will forgive.*

Great Spirit calls me now, and soon
My tribe on earth will not be found;
'Twill not be very many moon,
'Till meet, on *our own* hunting ground.

You now heap scalp me for that eye,
I take—from you in fight—that—day;
My—squaw and—pappoose both—have die,
And—I—with—them—shall—be—away."

His lips were dumb, his eyes were closed,
(Our Captain gently raised his head)
At once his stalwart form reposed
In *dignity,* and—he was dead.

As he lay there, his mighty frame,
Bespoke the strength, of once his tribe,
These "Plains" were his, so was the game,
He at his death, tried to describe.

We felt condemned! He had complained,
Of great wrongs borne by the red men—
Far back as when the Caesars reigned,
They owned this land—and NOW as THEN.

God's Word contains a better law,*
Than mortals make for life's short span,
Which, by compare, we clearly saw,
"Man's inhumanity to man."

We briefly there in silence knelt,
While tears a-down our faces ran,
For, in Death's presence, we three felt,
That this was our own brother-man.

We buried him beside the stream,
Where weeping willows sadly wave;
And where the fire-flies' nightly gleam,
Lit up our pathway, by his grave.

Old Captain Bang, was changed all o'er,
And 'mong the hunters, it was rife,
"That, beside that lone grave, he *swore,*
He ne'er would take a human life."

Soon afterward our brave old guide,
"Passed in *his* checks." In sleep profound,
He, with his *"Best Friend"* by his side,
Awaits *"Some happy hunting ground."*

*"As ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

His last request (My-long-lost-bride!
If-she-returns-then-at-her-death,
Will-you-please-lay-her-at-my-side?)
Was made, with his expiring breath.

The *vow* he made was fully kept
*"That he would never cut his hair
Till she came back"*—but now he slept,
Unconscious of her presence, there.*

They found her prone upon his tomb,
The broken heart had ceased to beat,
Her *bud of hope* had failed to bloom,
"That they once more in life would meet."

"Yes, she had come and gone, again."
Her *anguish,* all those years was past,
And her glad soul, *without a stain,*
Did reunite with *his* at last.

They rest together on a hill;
(Their trysting place, in youthful days)
Where oft they met, to feel the *Thrill,*
Which sunsets gave, in fading rays.

Then as the curtains, of the night,
Shut out the sun's obtrusive glare,
They, by the moonbeam's mellow light,
"Would build their castles in the air."

* * * * *

You ask what of that *"Treasure,"* found
In that old den, far underground?
Oh! that was nothing you would crave—
It was a counterfeiter's cave.

*Soon after he died she returned and the truth of her disappearance was known. As was her custom, often she was rowing her canoe on the Little Blue River, when she was decoyed to the shore and there seized by a roving band of Indians from Canada and was carried away. She would never marry any of her captors, but was true to her "pale-face" husband, and for that reason she was treated like an abject slave by the tribe in which she was placed and kept. After many years she escaped and returned, broken in health, to the scenes of her young life, but then, all she held dear were gone.

THE INDIAN'S LAMENT

The following verses, by E. L. Fuller, so fittingly portray the condition and feelings of the Red Man at the time of our hunt that I have given them a place here. They are in accord with the words of the dying Pawnee warrior we found.—The Author.

Where, oh, where, are the forests grand,
And where the fleeing deer?
Where now is seen the brave war band,
Or heard the war-whoop clear?

Alas! Alas! the story old—
The White Men came with power,
With hearts and faces stony cold,
And snatched from us our dower.

Our mighty trees they swept away
To plant their feeble grain,
And sang its praises day by day
To drown our cries of pain.

They frightened off the noble deer
That bounded o'er the lands,
And all our treasures disappear
Before their blighting hands.

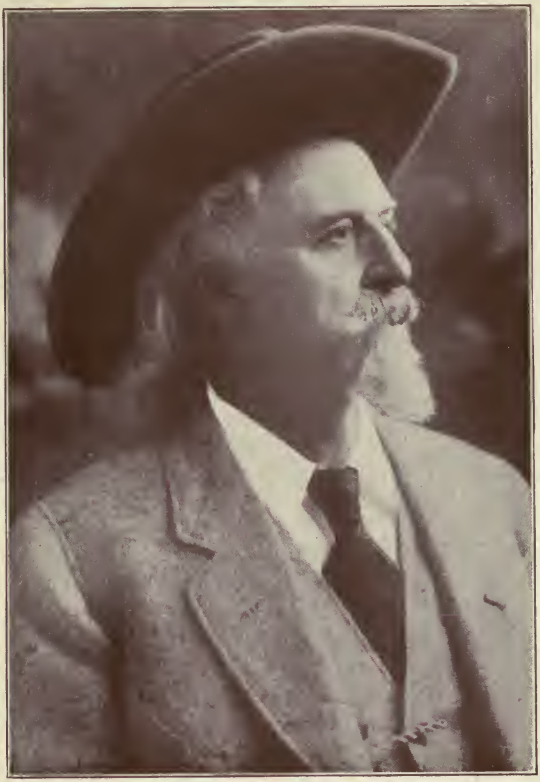
Our mighty braves have dropped away
Like wild flowers in the sun,
And like those flowers in autumn's sway,
Have left us one by one.

The shrill war-hoop no more affrights
The wild beasts in the vale,
No more the Red Men's heart delights
To follow on their trail.

But, oh, rejoice! We still possess
A fairer, better ground,
Where noblest deer the hunters bless,
Where troubles are not found.

'Tis there we cast our longing eyes,
And wait for that glad hour
When we shall be above the skies,
Beyond the White Man's power.

BUFFALO BILL'S LATEST PHOTOGRAPH



Col. W. F. Cody (Buffalo Bill) died January 10, 1917, in Denver, and his body was placed in a receiving vault until Sunday, June 3rd, when it was transferred to its last resting place in a grave blasted from solid rock on top of Lookout Mountain, twenty miles from Denver.

More than 10,000 people went from Denver to Lookout Mountain by automobile and electric train. For hours before the ceremony at the grave there was a steady procession of automobiles winding up the mountain side toward the summit. Several thousand persons, who had gone by trolley to Golden, at the foot of the mountain, climbed steep trails or trudged along the automobile road to Wildcat point, where the burial was held.

The ceremony at the grave was not elaborate, only the Masonic ritual being used under the direction of the Golden Masonic lodge. A delegation of Knights Templar from North Platte, Neb., where Col. Cody held his membership, acted as an escort.

BUFFALO BILL ON HORSEBACK

William Frederick Cody was born in Scott County, Iowa, February 26, 1846. His father was killed in the "Border War" in Kansas. He was a pony express rider in 1860 and 1861 and a government scout and guide and a member of the Seventh Kansas Cavalry from 1861 to 1865, March 6, 1886, he married Miss Louisa Frederici. Mr. Cody contracted to furnish the Kansas Pacific Railway with all the buffalo meat required to feed the laborers engaged in construction and in eighteen months, 1867 to 1868, he killed 4,280 buffaloes, earning the name "Buffalo Bill," by which he is best known. He was a government scout and guide from 1868 to 1872, serving in operations against the Sioux and Cheyennes; was a member of the Nebraska Legislature in 1872, and joined the Fifth Cavalry as a scout in 1876. In the battle of Indian Creek he killed Yellow Hand, a Cheyenne chief, in a hand-to-hand fight. From 1883 to 1913 he was at the head of a Wild West show. He was judge advocate general of the Wyoming National Guard.

CANADA NOW THE HOME OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST BUFFALO HERD

The largest herd of buffalo in the world is now owned by Canada.

They form a picturesque group as they roam over the national reserve set apart for them near Wainright, a city that has sprung up 150 miles east of Edmonton, Alberta.

Canadians recognized the need of action if the bison were to be preserved, and before Americans realized it they had purchased the entire herd of 600 from Michael Pablo of Montana, who had possessed them on the Flathead near Ravalli.

History of the Herd

The history of this herd, now the largest in the world, dates back to 1873, when a band of Plains Indians captured four little bison calves by cutting them out of a great power herd on the Chaplean reservation in Montana.

The Indians in question date them to the Marion of Saskatchewan, where they were held as pets and became as accustomed as ordinary cattle. They gradually increased in number until, in 1884, there were thirteen head, and, finding the care of them too great a task, the chiefs decided to sell them. The herd were bought for $200 apiece by Pablo, who was moved enough to see that specimens of what was even then almost an extinct animal would eventually become very valuable.

Pablo Made a Fortune

The herd increased under his supervision, and in a few years a thousand pure-bids in all conditions of high prices. In turn, from Scans calves and Canadian mixtures of the forever, obtained from the Canadian government in outing on the Mis head, and they were bought for $250,000. Today the herd numbers 2,677.

Range of 107,000 Acres

Although kept within the boundaries of the reserve the bison can hardly be said to be in confinement. Their stamping ground covers an area of 107,000 acres—165 square miles. It is twenty-five miles in all six the longest way across. A wire fence only four feet high and seventy-three miles long encloses it.

The park is truly a buffalo paradise. The grounds bear every evidence that in other days they have been a favorite haunt of the mammoth of the plains. Everywhere are outlines of old buffalo trails and wallows.

"Them Injuns Claim We Have No Right."

"It Was the Noble (?) Red-Man's Deed."

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